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The Dumpy Books for Children.

XIII. THE ADVENTURES OF SAMUEL AND SELINA.





The Dumpy Books for Children.

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THE ADVENTURES OF SAMUEL AND SELINA.

By JEAN C. ARCHER.

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS.









In Spring,

While softly cooed

The Dove.

Sam

Told Selina of His Love.



5. C. M.







The Summer Moon smiled on them both, Selina plighted him her Troth.





But Autumn brought a gayer Swain-











'Tis Winter now— Selina's slack—

She'd give her thumbs to have him back.





Yet—

When they met

She tossed her head;

Не

Stared at her and

Cut her dead!









But Fate at last to them was kind:

.It sent

а

Roaring, Raging

Which,

Just as Sam was passing by,
Blew off Selina's Hat!
Oh! My!





Sam

Caught it—by a daring jump.

Selina's

Heart

went

Thump! Thump!!! Thump!!!

"Oh, Sam!" she cried;
Tears dimmed her sight—
And after that it all came

right.









They made it up—and very soon

They started on their Honeymoon.





Selina proved a model wife,

Her Sam was all her joy in life;

She fetched his shoes and darned his hose,

And sympathized with all his woes.



(, A,







And,

As she let him have his say,

He loved her more from day to day;

And—on her birthday—for a spree,

Took her to the Menagerie.





She revelled in the Monkey Walk,

Where Apes, of motley hue, Each jumped—upon a yellow stick—

All shining and brand new.









And picture, children, how the Snarks

Rejoiced her frugal mind;

They ate the Buns, they ate the Bag,

And even stale cheese rind.





The Jub-jub birds Selina fed, But they were rude and rough;

They fought and scratched,

Nor would they stop

When they had had enough.









At last,

When happy, hot and tired,

They found no more to see, Sam took her to a shady spot And treated her to tea.

Selina's hat and dress he praised,

She clapped his feeblest puns;

It was a perfect carnival Of sentiment and Buns!





Much time, alas! they cannot spare,

Since holidays are few; Soon, hand in hand, they start

To seek adventures new.

And all about along the walks

Stern "Cautions" they espy;

"You need not fear," said Samuel,

"While I, my love, am nigh."









Alas! how brief are mortal joys;

There comes an awful burbling noise!





As, terror-struck, he turns to fly,

Too late he hears her anguished cry,

"O Samuel!

O Samuel!!

Beware!

The awful

Camuel"!!!









The Camel rushed!

The Camel flew!

Till all its spots were streaks of blue;

To Samuel it seemed to be

Menagerie!





The Camel chased him round and round;

He sank—exhausted—on the ground;

The Camel never noticed that, But pranced along with Sammy's hat.









And—when it found its victim gone,

Imagine how the brute went on;

It bucked and reared
and kicked
and shied,

Till, finally,

It Bust! and died.





When Sammy heard the loud report

And saw the pieces fly,

He felt that sure as eggs was eggs,

He, too, must surely die.

But brave Selina, though her tears

Fell all the while like rain,

Washed off the dirt and set him up
Upon his feet again.









5. C. A

She found the remnants of his hat,

And led him to the gate;

But there the Camel's owner stood

As large and grim as fate.

Before they left, that greedy man

Took all the cash they had,

And turned their pockets inside-out

(Which made Selina mad).





How different their coming home

From their gay start at morn;

They creep along—a sorry sight—

Bedraggled and forlorn.

He knows he showed a want of pluck,
Whatever she may say;
She feels that it was all her fault
For having a birthday.









But — once at home — the ruddy blaze

Each drooping spirit cheers; Sam sets Selina by the fire And wipes away her tears.

He draws her closer to his side;

He tootles on a comb,
And sings her, as her
sobs subside.

A verse of
"Home, Sweet Home."









